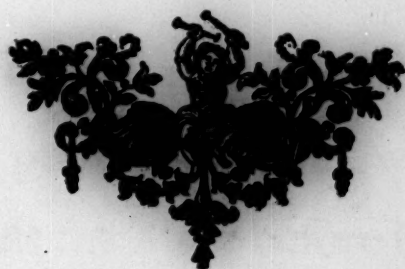


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Every Man in his Own Way.

AN
EPISTLE
TO A
FRIEND.

By STEPHEN DUCK.



• L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane*; and
R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall*.

MDCC,XLI,

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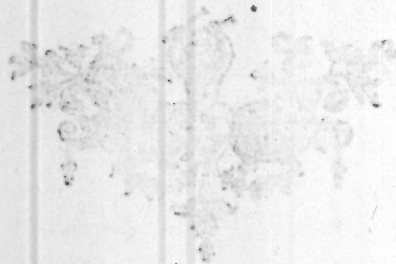
AN

EPISTLE

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FRIED

BY STEPHEN DICK



LONDON

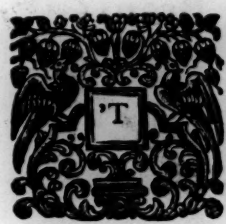
Printed for J. R. Rogers, in Warwick Lane, and
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Every Man in his Own Way.

A N.
E P I S T L E
T O A
F R I E N D.



WERE well, my *Lælius*, if I could pursue,
That prudent Counsel which I had from
To quit the Muse before her Spirits sink,^[You:]
Forfake my Rhymes, and wash my Hands of Ink.
But, spite of all the Precepts You impart,
This Itch of Scribbling * *clings about my Heart.*

* Parody of a Line in a late Poem.

B

'Tis

'Tis a Disease above the Doctor's Skill,
Too stubborn to be cur'd with *Drop* or *Pill*.

•AND yet, believe me, I have often try'd
To take your fav'rite Maxim for my Guide.
Nil admirari dwells upon your Tongue:
So *Horace* sings, and I approve his Song.
But like *Medea*, frantic in her Love,
I cannot practise what I thus approve.
Too fond of Verse, I waste my precious Time
In Sounds, and Similies, and worthless Rhyme;
Mad as the Priest, who, in poetic Rage,
With Floods of Nonsense deluges the Stage:
What tho' you damn one Offspring of his Brain?
Prolific Dullness quickly spawns again:
This Monster crush'd, another strait appears,
Head after Head the sprouting Hydra rears;
Despising all the Censures of the Town,
And ev'ry Person's Judgment, but his own;

For

For tho' pronounc'd a Fool by all the Pit,
He impudently thinks himself a Wit.

A SOBER Countryman, as Stories say,
Would visit *Bedlam* on a certain Day;
Where, as he pitied a poor Wretch's Case,
The merry Madman laugh'd him in the Face,
And cry'd, Alas! your Judgment's very bad,
Believe me, 'tis not I, but You, are mad!
Mankind are run distracted ev'ry where,
All but a few, who keep their Senses *Here*.
You see our Madman, tho' prodigious ill,
Was happy in his own Opinion still.

NOR lives a Wretch, so wretched in the Town,
But has some darling Pleasure of his own,
Which he calls Happiness. 'Tis my Delight,
My Pleasure, and my Happiness, to write;
For Happiness we various Ways explore;
Some think it plac'd in Wealth, and some in Pow'r;

Others

Others believe in Luxury it lies,
 In Women some, and some in Butterflies.
 All other Gifts of Fortune are confin'd,
 But Pleasure's free, and common as the Wind:
 The Cobler feels it often as the Peer;
 One's drown'd in Politics, and one in Beer:
 One's pleas'd with Honours, one with being drunk;
This fondly courts a Ribband, *that* a Punk.

THERE are who fix their Pleasure in a Race,
 Whose Acres lessen, as their Steeds increase;
 Some place their Joys in ancient Coins, and some
 Admire the curious Busts of *Greece* and *Rome*:
 Others in Painting all their Fortune waste,
 While dunning Tradesmen curse their lavish Taste.
 So much they honour the illustrious Dead,
 They wrong the Living of their daily Bread.
 In Building some consume a vast Estate,
 And only leave their Heirs the Walls to eat;

These

These for a Supper many Hundreds pay,
 While those in Music tune their Wealth away.
 Thus diff'rent as our Faces are our Views;
 Yet each this Harlot *Happiness* pursues;
 This common Strumpet is by all ador'd,
 She's Mistress to the Fidler, and the Lord.

ONE, whom her Charms unluckily delight,
 Courts her at Gaming-tables ev'ry Night:
 No matter what her saucy Favours cost,
 He will enjoy her till his Fortune's lost,
 Careless of what his Wife and Children do:
 Let Wife and Children starve, what's that to You?

YOU may condemn our Gamesters, if you please:
 But is he more ridiculous than these,
 Who count their glitt'ring Dirt essential Bliss?
Umidius has no other Joy but this.
 For Gold he studies, strives, and toils, and sweats;
 For Gold he swears, and lyes, and jobs, and cheats.

Full fifty thousand Pounds he has in Store,
 And yet he covets fifty thousand more.
 No wild Profusion wastes his useless Hoard;
 No Soups, or *French* Ragoûs, adorn his Board:
 But, lest such Diet should provoke his Lust,
 He dines, like *Seneca*, upon a Crust;
 And thinks the *Turks* Religion most divine,
 Because it has forbid them drinking Wine.

ANOTHER, who *Lucullus* would excel
 In the luxurious Arts of eating well,
 Plump as a Swine of *Epicurus* looks,
 His God his Belly, and his Glory Cooks.
 So many Dishes on his Board appear,
 'Twould surfeit you to read his Bill of Fare:
 And of one Dinner the Expence so large,
 Not *Peter* often could support the Charge.

THE gay *Adonis*, of a diff'rent Mind,
 Counts Love the *Summum Bonum* of Mankind.

Love

Love is the great Employment of his Life,
 A Passion very pleasing to a Wife:
 But Wife he is determin'd to have none;
 For our penurious Laws allow but one.
 Of willing Nymphs he keeps a mighty Store;
 Not *Solomon* himself had many more:
 These are his Happiness, tho' Goats may be
 Much happier Animals, perhaps, than *he*.

ACTEON rides the Fields with rapid Pace;
 He feels no Happiness, but in a Chace:
 To him the Genius of his Hounds is known,
 And *Jowler's* Nature, better than his own.
 Ask him if *Jowler* strives to starve her Young?
 He'll wonder at the Folly of your Tongue:
 Yet he, more cruel, wickedly inclines
 To starve the native Issue of his Loins.
 Go to thy Dogs, inhuman, thoughtless Elf!
 Their Ways consider, and be wise thyself.

L O R D

LORD *Fickle*, with his virtuous Lady vext,
 Weds her one Day, and widows her the next :
 'Tis hard to say the Pleasure of his Life ;
 'Tis plain, however, 'tis not in a Wife.

BIBLUS, with thirsty Throat, and fiery Face,
 Has fix'd his chiefest Pleasure in a Glas ;
 Drinking and Dozing are his dear Delight ;
 All Day he dozes, and he drinks all Night :
 His Wife and he alternate Watches keep ;
 At Morning when she wakes, he falls asleep.

FAR other Thoughts young *Theron's* Bosom fire,
 Far other Joys his noble Breast inspire :
 No idle Pleasure charms the youthful Peer,
 Except the Pleasure of a Charioteer :
 Firm seated in the Box, he smoaks along,
 The Jest and Wonder of the gazing Throng.

Dext'rous

Dextrous as Racers on *Olympian* Plains,
 He founds the clashing Whip, and shakes the loosen'd
 Proud to survey the Wheels impetuous roll, ^[Reins:]
 While all the Coachman's Glory warms his Soul.

CHREMES, devoutly mad, forsakes his Wife,
 His Friends and Children, for a future Life:
 He follows *Whitefield*, by the Spirit driv'n;
 And starves himself on Earth, to feast in Heav'n.

To shun the fatal Rock on which he splits,
Diagoras employs his subtle Wits;
 Denies the Being of a God by Rule,
 And proves by Logic — that he is a Fool.
 Is there no Mean, no Passage we can find
 Safely to steer this Vessel of the Mind?
 Must we on *Scylla* or *Charybdis* run?
 When Dead, be wretched; or alive, undone?

D

GRACCHUS,

GRACCHUS, endow'd with admirable Parts,
 Polish'd with Learning, Eloquence, and Arts,
 Protects the People warmly in Debate,
 And all his Pleasure's to reform the State;
 He could adjust all Business of the Crown,
 And yet he never could adjust his own:
 Not that he wanted Wit for such Affairs;
 He had too much for low domestic Cares.
 His active scheming Head has always found
 Too little Business, which has turn'd it round:
 As pond'rous Ships, immoderately great,
 For want of proper Ballast, overfet.

OTHERS there are, who use their utmost Skill
 To climb Ambition's flatt'ring faithless Hill:
 To Posts and Dignities To-day they rise;
 To-morrow greater Honours tempt their Eyes:
 For these they struggle; next; they these acquire;
 Greater appear, and greater they desire:

Those

Those too they gain : Well, now they have their Will ;
 Or is this happy *Something* farther still ?
 Alas ! my *Lælius*, you mistake their Aim,
 Their Pleasure's in the Chace, not in the Game.
 As arrant Sportsmen hunt thro' Bog and Brake,
 Not for their Hunger, but Diversion's sake.
 See *Manlius*, striving for his Lordship's Place,
 His Lordship very fain would be his Grace :
 The Serjeant treads upon the Judge's Heels,
 Th'impatient Judge anticipates the Seals.
 Some, boldly vain, like *Phaethon*, aspire ;
 And, if indulg'd, would set the World on Fire.
 Ev'n *Budgel* hop'd to guide the Reins of State :
 My Lord of *Lambeth's* miserably great !
 Oppress'd with Cares and Business all his Time,
 And, harder still ! he can no higher climb.

THE Muse, my Friend, might Thousands more
 (Led either by their Folly, or their Fate)

Who

Who follow Pleasures of another Sort :
 Some go to *Drury-Lane*, and some to Court ;
 These rake in Stews, those shine in Drawing-rooms,
 Proud of their Cloaths, as Peacocks of their Plumes ;
 Who in their Dress such wond'rous Pleasure take,
 They wear their Happiness upon their Back.
 In Dress the gay Lord *Fopling* squanders more
 Than would support an Hospital of Poor.
 For Dress in Debt *Fastidius* yearly runs,
 Patient of Scandal, negligent of Duns :
 While *Curius*, lewd and lavish on his Whores,
 Brings Claps and Fashions from the *Gallic* Shores :
 These have their Pleasures : Is it then a Crime
 In me to take the Privilege of Rhyme ?

- BUT now, methinks you whisper in my Ear,
 " This Itch of Rhyming carries you too far :"
 What is't to me, you say, whose Plays are dull ?
 What is't to me, who's Fop, or Knave, or Fool ?

Who

Who games, or swears, or lyes, or jobs, or cheats?
 Who gain Preferments, or who lose Estates?
 Men ever had their Pleasures, ever will:
 In God's Name let them have their Pleasures still!
 But since in diff'rent ways they all incline
 To have their Pleasures, shall I not have mine?

THERE'S Mistress *Drummond* frequently will tell ye,
 The Spirit swells her like to burst her Belly;
 How shall she ease her Bosom of the Load?
 How, but discharge and loose the lab'ring God?
 Shall Ease, my Friend, be found for her alone?
 Shall she have Remedy, and I have none?

WELL then, proceed, you say; but mark the End;
 Writing will make you Foes, tho' not a Friend:
 Besides, 'twere Vanity to think your Lays
 Should please a Critic's Ear, or merit Praise.

PRAISE is a Feather, foreign to my Hope:
 Give it to THOMSON, Warburton, or POPE.
 When urgent Nature calls, I write for Ease,
 The Call of Nature ev'ry one obeys.
 Alike the Learn'd, and those who never learn,
 Whether 'tis in a College, or a Barn;
 Whether on *Mincio's* Banks, or in the Mint:
 When Nature bids us write, we write and print.

I KNOW your Judgment, Sense, and Taste require
 A Bard to sing with Spirit, Force, and Fire;
 Compose such Numbers as the Ancients writ.
 Are Ancients then the only Men of Wit?
 Is Wit immutable? Is nothing so,
 But what was writ Two thousand Years ago?
 Sure if it vary not, 'tis mighty strange,
 Since much more sacred Things have suffer'd Change.

BEFORE King *Harry* (last of all the Name)
 To good Queen *Bess's* Mother told his Flame,

What

What a mysterious Dress Religion wore !
 What Crops of Superstition *England* bore !
 Our pious Sires implicit Faith receiv'd,
 Believing what could hardly be believ'd.
 'Twas Sin to think their Bread compos'd of Flour,
 Or Two and Two equivalent to Four.
 Nor dar'd they reason in their own Defence,
 For the worst Heresy was common Sense :
 Or if they durst espouse the noble Cause
 Of Nature's Right, and Truth's eternal Laws,
 Bulls and Damnations thunder'd from the Press,
 And curs'd as zealously as Christ could bless.

Now, thank Reformers of a later Age,
 We can't complain of superstitious Rage ;
 No *Flamen* cheats us with his holy Wiles,
 Nor *Smithfield* smoaks with frequent Fun'ral Piles.
 No Royal *Quixotes* lead their martial Pow'rs
 To fight for Lady *Faith* on Foreign Shores :

Yet

Yet grant, Almighty Heav'n, we may not fall
From too much Piety, to none at all !

THUS Modes of Faith have chang'd, 'tis very
And Wit has chang'd, and change it will again. ^{[plain;}
This comforts *M—r*; for we must allow,
Tho' his damn'd Comedies are Folly now,
They may be Wit, perhaps, to future Fools,
If they escape Trunks, Kitchens, and Close-stools.

'TWERE hard, indeed, if nothing should be writ,
But what was solid Sense, or current Wit;
Such rigid Laws would ruin Authors quite,
Not One in Twenty would attempt to write :
But, as the Poets Case in *Britain* stands,
We scorn tenacious Wit shou'd tie our Hands.
We freely write whatever we devise,
No matter whether Wit, or Truth, or Lyes.
Thus bold *Lucilius* lashes half the Town,
And teaches *Manners*, tho' himself has none ;

At

At Peers and Prelates darts his poison'd Stings,
 Asperges Ministers, and libels Kings;
 Rakes up the sacred Ashes of a Queen
 To vent his Spite, and gratify his Spleen.
 Thus *He, who mimics POPE's immortal Pen,
 (Tho' awkwardly as Monkeys mimic Men)
 With wicked Farce profanes the hallow'd Gown,
 And to expose our Folly, shews his own.
 Thus L——, when at Leisure from the Stews,
 Thro' Dirt and Dung whips a lame, jaded Muse,
 To number all would weary *Whitefield's* Lungs,
 Who scribble Journals, and satiric Songs;
 Who rail at WALPOLE, impotent and fierce,
 Barren of Thought, yet prodigal of Verse.
 Guilty of Scandal, innocent of Wit,
 They write worse Stuff than *Flecknoe* ever writ:
 And by the half-form'd Embryo's of the Scull,
 Abuse the Privilege of being dull.

* See *Harlequin Horace*, p. 7. where the Author professes he has imitated the Style of Mr. Pope.

God save his Honour ! while such Authors write,
 He ought to thank their inoffensive Spite.
 And shall not I indulge my harmless Pen?
 And have my Way, as well as other Men?

YOU, worthy *Lælius*, have your Pleasure too,
 And, quitting Crouds, a nobler Way pursue;
 The Way of Truth and Virtue you explore,
 For this you turn the *Grecian* Sages o'er:
 For this You read what *Roman* Authors writ,
 Digest their Precepts, and improve their Wit.
 In these, and true Philosophy, you find
 A Muse, to tune and harmonize your Mind,
 Who sings, All Pleasure, rightly understood,
 Consists alone in being Wise and Good.

F I N I S.

